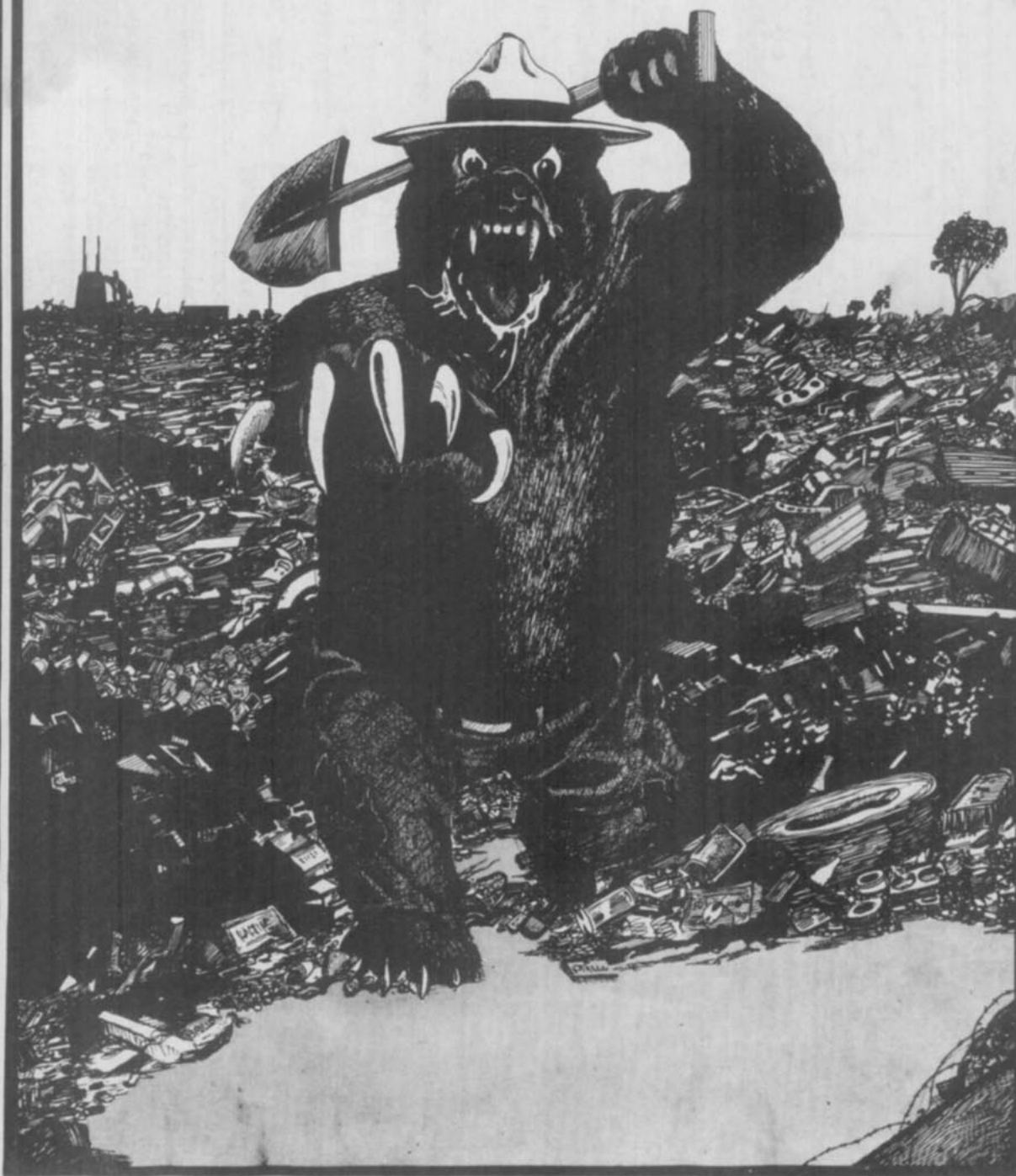


d.c. gazette

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25¢



ABORTION.

I KNEW I was pregnant before I knew I was pregnant. that is before the rabbits, or whatever creatures or devices used nowadays, officially affirmed it. And if there is a God he must have slept at the Washingtonian recently, because in its October issue there was a piece on Milan Vuitch M.D. who runs the busiest and safest abortion clinic in this country, right here in D.C.

I called Dr. Vuitch for an appointment and went to his office at 1712 Eye Street a couple of days later. In his waiting room and assorted huddle of worried-looking men and women sat very consciously and self consciously waiting to be operated on or for their girls to return.

Dr. Vuitch, a 55-year-old husky, hearty Serbian born physician led me into his consultation room where the first thing that caught my eye was a file cabinet, the last four drawers read: "Junk," "Crap," "Stuff," and "Stupid. Worthless Things." I'm nervous and think "thank God, the guy's gotta' have a sense of humor." He asks preliminaries: "How much you pregnant, how you hear of me, what's your name." I give a phoney one of course, and am spared the effort of remembering to answer to it because here patients all have one name, "Honey." I took none of this very seriously, but learned afterwards that Vuitch's experience and psychological know-how really permits him to make a pretty reliable assessment in a very few minutes as to whether it is wise to terminate the pregnancy. He has on occasion sent people away to at least reconsider. The nurse then showed me to an examining room, of which there are five, where the abortion was to be done.

The first instruction is to deposit your \$300.00 in cash, as the nurse apologetically explains that many women have come, had done and bolted without paying.

I am totally ignorant about this whole procedure. see three bulky hypos, am told they're for me, am asked if I'm allergic to penicillin and wonder what's in them and where on/in me they're destined to land. Whac one goes into my thigh and after jumping and thinking "strange, they'd want to anesthetize my left leg," am told that was penicillin to prevent infection. A secretary then jots down falsified facts, name, age, last period, profession and the like, and then has me sign a handwritten statement which reads: "I am pregnant and sick and agree to the necessary treatment."

Then they leave and I wait, worry, sweat and quiver like jello in a gentle wind, listening to instruments clinking in other examining rooms and wishing to hell I'd had the forethought to cop some librium or taken a stiff drink before coming. Next to the examining table was a large covered pan boiling and in my disoriented state I thought "oh yes, something about boiling water and childbirth." Needless to say, it con-

tained the instruments Dr. Vuitch was to use, but I didn't figure that out 'til he lifted the lid.

After some fifty minutes the nurse returned and in response to my questions "what's the actual procedure, what are you going to do?" tells me I'm going to have a D and C. Thanks a lot, honey! They do some twenty a day and it's mechanized--thwack thwack, boom--and they doubtless know patients have many questions and much anxiety, but also know it's going to be alright and over soon, and don't bother with lengthy explanations.

Of the actual workings of the operation I remember little except that an instrument was first inserted into my vagina, through which Dr. Vuitch was to work with other instruments. A needle, anesthetic, was given I think to open the womb painlessly. Then Dr. Vuitch very quickly and expertly chattering all the while asking me "why you no want baby, what the boyfriend's profession?" did things which felt like digging, scraping and pulling while the nurse kept saying "Relax Honey," because I was vibrating with anxiety. It hurt some, and doubtless more than it would have had I not been so damned tense. The doctor told me, which I had vaguely suspected, that the pregnancy had been "disturbed," and would not have gone to term, which salved my catholic conscience somewhat.

Less than ten minutes and it was finished!

After another ten or so minutes I was told to get dressed and follow the nurse into the recovery room. There are three other girls lying on couches resting. Each gets a bottle of tetracycline, enough for three days taken every four hours starting tomorrow morning, as well as written post-operative instructions. During the time we lay there the four of us exchanged not a word and I felt I was intruding on silences by just turning the pages of the book I was reading.

After a couple of hours, Dr. Vuitch voops in saying "People," which is what he calls people when not calling them "Honey." "People," get all dressed, take your things and follow me to the consultation room." There he repeats orally the written postoperative orders we've been given: "Take the tetracycline. You will have bleeding off and on from 3 to 15 days until your womb contracts to its normal size. If bleeding stops and starts again, don't worry. Take showers only, no bath, no douche. Your next menstrual period should come within 4 to 6 weeks. It may be different from your normal period--lighter, darker, heavier, shorter. Don't worry! No intercourse until after your next period. No fooling around with the boyfriend; you be right back here. Take it easy for a couple of days. Eat and drink anything you like. You Blondie, you pretty. No wonder you got in trouble."

I mustered my forces and interviewed Dr. Milan Vuitch a few days after he terminated my

pregnancy. "You think I like doing abortions," he told me, "you gotta' be crazy. But, what are the women to do? That's why I do them."

Dr. Vuitch is convinced that the Supreme Court will uphold the U.S. District Court's decision that the 1901 existing law is unconstitutionally vague. He feels a good law will be drafted after the Supreme Court decision and concurs with the City Council's Health and Welfare chairman, Dr. Robinson, who believes that abortions after the twelfth week of pregnancy are not safe to do on an outpatient basis.

Potentially he considers the present law, which holds that physicians may perform abortions only to preserve the mother's life or health to be a good one; the problem lies in the definition of "health." To Vuitch, good health is a state in which disease and infirmity are not merely absent, but complete social, physical and mental well-being exist. Consequently, he regards unwanted pregnancies as a medical problem and a responsibility most physicians are shirking. "This country," he says, "stands and falls on the health of families, and if a woman regards the package she is carrying as nothing but a nuisance, it doesn't require lengthy psychiatric consultations to establish that's not healthy." In 1838 when the Virginia abortion law was passed, its purpose was to protect women from being butchered, whereas today this surgery can be done safely.

Dr. Vuitch has never hidden his profession and spoke to me, in his white doctor's outfit, very openly in the coffee shop at 1712 Eye Street. He can prove he's been doing successful surgery for the last thirty years. "It isn't my work that's bad," he says, "it's the law that needs to be clarified."

The abortion case against Dr. Milan Vuitch, now pending in the Supreme Court, provided the immediate impetus for the City Council accepting a report that favored making abortions available to any woman over 16 who wants one so long as she is not more than 20 weeks pregnant. The report, accepted by a vote of 6-1 on November 3, was drafted by the Health and Welfare Committee. It suggested that facilities, counselling and referral services be expanded to support abortions on demand.

In the Vuitch case the U.S. District Court, presided over by Judge Gerhard Gesell, ruled that the 1901 abortion law, which permits physicians to perform abortions only "if necessary for the preservation of the mother's life or health" was unconstitutionally vague. The prospect that the decision may well be upheld when the Supreme Court meets this month was just one incentive for the Committee to act. Others were the realization that safe abortions are available only to those who can pay (a lot) for them while the poor risk being butchered and some-

(Please turn to page 9)

CORRESPONDENCE

A letter from Channing Phillips

DEAR Sam,

It is a little ironic to find myself pictured in your newspaper as the candidate who appeals only to moderates and conservatives.

I hadn't known that my opposition to the war in 1964 or my participation in virtually every peace protest since that time was a conservative position.

I didn't know that my efforts to oust Carl Hansen as superintendent of schools or to get John Layton fired as police chief were conservative actions.

My parishioners didn't think that I was a conservative when I invited the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, SNCC and peace groups to use the facilities of my church when no other public place (except St. Stephens Church) was available to them.

Certainly no one could have guessed that I was a conservative when I ran in 1968 as head of a slate committed to Robert Kennedy, peace in Vietnam, and new politics here at home.

And who would label as conservative the District Democratic Party, which I have led for the last two years and which has fought so hard for home rule, housing, welfare reform, and consumer protection and against the D.C. crime bill and freeways?

While some of my opponents, out of perhaps a little desperation, have been trying hard to sell the story that I am a conservative, I would never have expected the Gazette to buy. Isn't it significant that virtually all of the 1968 Kennedy-McCarthy slate is supporting my candidacy? Doesn't it say anything that the most prominent supporters of Walter Fauntroy either took no position or were conveniently silent both concerning the 1968 primary and on the war itself?

It is true that I don't shout very often. It is true that I try to avoid empty rhetoric. And it is also true that I am not above going to the White House to try to persuade the President and his staff to do things that the District needs.

That is why I am not ashamed to say that I went to the White House in 1969 to try to persuade the Republican Administration to support self-government and full voting representation. Those meetings were one of the elements, perhaps a significant one, in obtaining Republican

support for the nonvoting delegate bill. That bill was only a small step forward, but at least it was a step. I would rather have a little progress than holding press conferences to hurl thunderbolts to be reported in the Washington Post or D.C. Gazette.

The heart of your editorial was that black people need "a little bit of demagogue" in their delegate. I think it is time that white editors stop telling black people what they need. As a black man, who has spent his life fighting and risking, I believe that black people are tired of talk which never produces anything. Whites can afford the luxury of rhetoric, but black people want results.

Sincerely,
Channing



A reply

DEAR Channing,

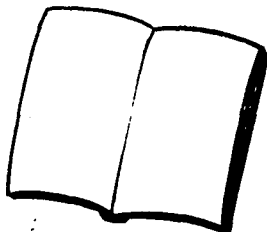
I'm sorry to have emphasized the stylistic differences between you and Walter Fauntroy, but you really don't leave a guy much choice. Your records are remarkably similar in their virtues and faults, even down to your competing claims concerning leadership of the Coalition of Conscience (which is looming a good

(Please turn to page 10)

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THE CAMPAIGN

SAM SMITH

An endorsement

WHEN we left our fearless candidates for the delegate post a fortnight ago. Channing Phillips had just revealed that he was in favor of home rule against freeways and poverty and ready to provide dynamic leadership for the people of the District. Walter Fauntroy, on the other hand had just declared that he was in favor of home rule, against freeways and poverty, and ready to provide dynamic leadership for the people of the District.

Since then the most exciting news from the two camps is that Walter has established a task force on sports because "out of a deep, personal experience I know the value of well funded and well administered athletic programs for young people--not only as a deterrent to delinquency, but also as a stepping stone to lucrative careers, both in and out of sporting fields."

It fits the developing nature of this campaign that one of the first task forces organized on behalf of a candidate is one concerned with games. The difference between a Washington Senator and a U. S. Senator is that the latter's athletic endeavors are presumed to have some end other than the satisfaction of the fight itself; unfortunately, it's getting harder and harder to tell the legislators from the ball players. The current campaign is no exception. It ranks somewhat ahead of rugby and soccer in spectator appeal and some distance behind pro football. It should have come as no surprise to find Joe Yeldell arriving an hour and a half late the other day for an important community meeting (for which he was the keynote speaker) because he did not wish to waste his Redskin tickets.

Fauntroy picked Bobby Mitchell as his task force chairman. We can expect Channing to counter shortly with a similar body headed by Curt Flood. There are certain to be other indications that Fauntroy and Phillips see the voters as fans rather than constituents. Big-time show biz characters, especially blacks, will soon start pouring into Washington to help provide the candidates with a stepping stone to a lucrative career, proving that while Channing and Walter may not be able to sing too well, they know the people who can. You can't really blame them; they are right in the mainstream of American politics with the emphasis on irrelevancies, but that mainstream, like all the tributaries of

our national life, cries for some depollution. The voter needs to be raised above the status of political groupie.

In attempting to distinguish between Fauntroy and Phillips in the last issue, I suggested that Fauntroy came out ahead on two points: 1) he is a better proselytizer and 2) his backing is such as to lead him to be more in touch with the heart of the District's problems. If the choice came down to Phillips or Fauntroy, the better risk would be Walter.

But it is not too late to contemplate the possibility of doing better, of presenting the voters with something other than a tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee choice between two confections of bland liberalism, sweet to the taste, but highly susceptible to heat. If all we seek is more benevolent colonialism, then neither Phillips nor Fauntroy will let us down. They will urge progress and condemn repression and will try to keep Joel Broyhill off our backs. But if we are seeking a man who will help to lead a movement out of colonialism, then we must look further. Walter Fauntroy said the other day, in a gibe at Phillips, that "if wheeling and dealing could have gotten us home rule, we'd have had it by now." Certainly, Fauntroy stands the better chance of being more than a wheeling-dealing ombudsman for the District, but wouldn't it be nice if we didn't have to rely upon Walter having a dream and then really, every day, trying to turn that dream into reality? Wouldn't it be nice to have a real candidate, one whose record is not pot-marked with vacillation, ambiguity, compromise, passivity and self-promoting caution?

Such a man exists. He just hasn't announced. But since he stands head and shoulders above all the other candidates in the race, since he has broad appeal, and since he has never ducked a fight where the people of the District needed him I feel confident he will eventually enter the contest.

The man is Julius Hobson.

Hobson starts off with one clear advantage over the rest of the crowd. He has said repeatedly

(Please turn to page 14)

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FIRST of all, I want to make one thing perfectly clear. I have decided not to run for Delegate. This decision has been made after careful consultation, adequate (at times excessive) citizen input, and a deep conviction that I can better serve the people of the District in my present capacity. Further, I checked with the District Building, and I am informed that there is no stage in DC large enough to hold a debate between all the present candidates without violating fire regulations.

It was not an easy decision to make. I commissioned a poll recently that produced some very encouraging results. It included two questions. The first was: Have you ever heard of Josiah X. Swampoodle? The results were:

Yes: 0.2%

No: 94.6%

Undecided: 5.2%

The second question was: If the election were held today and the candidates were Walter Washington and Josiah X. Swampoodle, which would you favor? The results in that one were:

Swampoodle: 73.6%

Washington: 12.4%

Undecided: 14.0%

Unfortunately, Walter has announced that he isn't going to run and I don't have enough money to commission another poll, so we'll never know.

Everyone was pretty happy at the news that the Commissioner was staying on the job. There had been rumors circulating that J. Harrold Carswell or some other strict constructionist would be named to replace him. Even worse, one person close to the White House reported that there were plans to subcontract the entire District to Westinghouse as an experiment to see whether private enterprise could play a larger role in government. Given such alternatives Walter Washington begins to look like a real mayor.

Meanwhile, the revolution continues. The oppressed masses are rising up on every hand. If they were smart they'd stop rising up so much; it gives police sharpshooters too much of a profile.

My nephew Egbert went to live on a commune in rural Ohio. Two weeks later, he was back saying, "I don't mind loving my neighbors; it's living with them that I can't stand." He's gone back to letting the air out of cop cars in Cleveland and playing in a rock band called Do Not Remove This Label Under Penalty of Law. Music is an important part of the revolution. It takes a couple of hundred amps to run a good rock-light show, Egbert suggests. What he's afraid of is that the Establishment will find out, and repress the whole movement by a series of selective blackouts.

But the Establishment is keeping its cool about the revolution. As they say down at the District Building, "Let them eat Methadone."

I don't know how it's all going to end. I'm worried. The other day an innocent lady walking near the White House was struck by lightning. It's frightening. Even the Lord is losing his sense of direction.

Josiah X. Swampoodle

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NATURAL LIVING

PAULA AYERS

The uses of seaweed

THE Indians in the Andes of Peru take a months journey down to the ocean whenever they need to get more kelp, which they dry and store in pouches. They, like many other peoples on earth, know that sea vegetation aids survival the way no land plants can. While the farm lands of the earth have been losing minerals for eons, because of erosion and "no-deposit-no-return" methods of farming, the ocean has gained minerals and continually recycles them, making it the richest medium for a plant to grow in. (In fact, kelp is so vigorous that, if harvested, it can regain 4 feet in 60 hours.) And these minerals are in very good proportion: the composition of 7 gallons of sea water and that of the human body is almost identical. What follows is an explanatory list of the main nutrients found in sea vegetation.

CALCIUM. The 1% of the body's calcium which isn't in the bones and teeth acts as a nerve relaxant and, along with Vitamin C, maintains the collagen of cell walls. (Bruising easily, a symptom of scurvy, indicates weak collagen.) Because sea vegetation has such a rich flavor, most people wouldn't eat enough to fill their daily calcium needs of about 3 grams. Only unhulled sesame seeds, however, are higher in calcium per gram than seaweeds.

MAGNESIUM has only recently been found to be vitally coordinated with calcium for normal muscle contraction and calm nerves (the most suicides occur in countries with magnesium-poor soil). Studies show that it's the natural fluorine and calcium PLUS magnesium which keeps the tooth decay rate in Deaf Smith County lower than in other counties in Texas. Calcium without magnesium can cause trouble. Sea vegetation provides the proper ratio of 2 parts calcium to 1 part magnesium.

PHOSPHORUS is very important in human nutrition but this is one nutrient that Americans get plenty of, maybe too much, since it is generously supplied in protein foods. When high phosphorus levels are maintained, via a high-protein, low-greens diet, calcium and magnesium deficiencies will occur unless these minerals are likewise increased. Seaweeds, like garden greens, have the optimum balance of about 2 parts calcium to 1 part magnesium and 1 part phosphorus.

IRON, of course, is part of hemoglobin, which carries oxygen. A lack of iron leads to anemia. If you don't like liver, rejoice to know

that dulse, a dark red seaweed, is 20 times richer in iron and 10 grams (1/3 oz.) supplies the minimum daily requirement. (Beware; inorganic iron compounds can steal the body's supplies of Vitamin E and other nutrients, causing liver damage.)

COPPER is vital for the utilization of iron, therefore it too has a part in preventing anemia. Oriental people, by eating so much sea vegetation, rarely get gray hair, which is a symptom of anemia. Gray-haired people can regain their natural color with sound diet, including lots of natural iron and copper.

COBALT acts with iron, copper and manganese in hemoglobin formation. Perhaps Vitamin B12 is so scarce in land vegetation because its mineral factor, Cobalt, is easily available only in the ocean.

SODIUM, CHLORINE AND POTASSIUM keep the body fluids near neutrality and determine the amount of water held in tissues. There is a difference between natural, plant-processed sodium in sea vegetation and inorganic table salt or sea salt. Eskimos don't use salt. Nor would American Indians eat salted food offered by a trapper, even if they were very hungry. Professor Sherman of Columbia U. has shown that although the body can readily absorb inorganic salts, nearly all of it is given off in the urine in its original form. Salt is a stimulant; the heart pumps faster to facilitate its removal from the blood by the kidneys. Thus, a person gets thirsty from salt eating since the body liquids have been depleted.

It is argued that animals like salt so it must be natural. But salt-eating animals are vainly trying to fill a need not supplied by the eroded sloping land they graze on, just as malnourished pregnant women will eat clothing starch or sickly children will eat mud. Since land-grown plants tend to lack the amounts of sodium we need, people crave it and use the worthless, inorganic form of it. It's better to enjoy the many different kinds of seaweeds. The Japanese rinse their seaweed up to 12 times to get rid of the inorganic salt on the outside.

MANGANESE affects the maternal instinct. Mother rats on manganese-deficient diets won't suckle their young. Likewise, though normal mother rats will adopt normal baby rats, they ignore manganese-starved baby rats. Male animals lose mating interest; and later become sterile.

(Please turn to page 9)



ART

ANDREA O. COHEN

Victor Vasarely

THERE is a tonic for those with "what's-the-art-world-coming-to" blues at the Jane Haslem Gallery, 1669 Wisconsin Ave, in the form of a show of some 23 of Victor Vasarely's newest works. They are beautiful pieces done by an artist who knows all there is to know both about craftsmanship and modern technical achievements, and yet never relinquishes a human and nature centered approach.

The building blocks of Vasarely's composition are always geometric shapes, rendered in vibrating colors: the square which he considers the pre-eminent element of architecture, ovoids (which to him signify "oceanic feelings"), circles and triangles. Yet, Vasarely's works always derive from things seen and experienced, like the finely crackled connecting tiles in a Paris metro station and the sand, surf and sun of a French beach.

While Vasarely spawned and invented a number of current abstract art movements, such as kinetic art (he coined the term) and color painting, he has maintained an openness and eclecticism the avant garde so often lacks. His attempt is to create a science of art, which has nothing to do with "scientific art," whose sterility and artifice appalls him. What he seeks is a purified art, which is neither cold nor cerebral, which achieves more with less and emanates a deep feeling, or spirituality if you will, and synthesizes artistic and technological disciplines that have until now been

either ignorant or jealous of each other. To be modern, he feels it not enough that art be abstract; it must use the combined knowledge of art and technology. He writes that "The art idea is abandoning its centuries-old mists to flourish in the sunlight in the immense modern network that is being woven around the world."

A rigorously disciplined artist, and product of the Budapest Bauhaus Vasarely is appalled at the fading of honest craftsmanship. "The inspired 'Bohemia,'" he wrote, "belongs to the past. Poetry is born of a harassing and gray daily labor, with rare flashes of happy certainties that reduce the decades to fugitive seconds." The works in this show are obviously the result of dogged work and by it Vasarely has locked vibrant color and form into an inseparable whole, richly and subtly designed and moving. The elements in the picture appear to be in motion and by fascinating complexity and richness move us.

Vasarely is a most thoughtful man who writes, often eloquently, about his art and how he regards it. As Marcel Joray wrote in the introduction to Vasarely, put out in 1965 by Editions du Grifon Neuchatel (texts and dummy by Vasarely): "He has pondered the fate of man; he has a conception of the world and a philosophy which do not remain a theory but are translated into a works, into a personal and living language, in harmony with technical civilization and scientific discoveries."



"LOCMARIAQUER" by Ben Nicholson (1967), part of the exhibit of British painting and sculpture 1960-1970 at the National Gallery through January 3.



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The graying of the Avenue

THERE are worse things happening to the city than the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan, but few of them involve affronts to so many varieties of good sense as does the scheme to create a monumental connecting link between Capitol Hill and the White House. The Pennsylvania Plan is an outrage against the District's poor, a hoax on scores of small businessmen, a raid on the city's tax base, a blow against governmental economy and an aesthetic abortion. Anyone of these should be enough to condemn the project; together they raise the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan to the level of great symbolism, an image reflecting the gargantuan folly of a nation that has turned its back on its intrinsic needs in order to build hollow, futile monuments to a decaying culture.

To feel the full impact of what is being proposed, one should take the time to walk through the project area, beginning, say, at 6th and Pennsylvania NW and walking up to 14th St., thence back to 6th along E St. On this walk, the eye can describe the borders of this most vivid example of our national economic, political, and artistic absurdities. Here are some of the sights:

Between 9th and 10th Sts. a giant chasm splits the earth. Many stories below ground-level the monster hole is being slowly filled with a structure that will ultimately rise above the ground until, when completed, it stands as the most expensive government building in the world (with the possible exception of the Rayburn Building). Its purpose: to house the nation's secret police, the Federal Bureau of Investigation. This is the apex of the plan, the master monument of them all, speaking eloquently, if at incredible cost, to the values that have overwhelmed the nation.

It is said that the development of new federal buildings in downtown Washington will attract private development. Yet the FBI building, despite its early arrival on the scene, has attracted but one new development: a McDonald's stand sandwiched into the 900 block of E St. behind the FBI.

At 12th St. there stands the first true completed element of the Plan, the Presidential Building. Look at the signs in the first floor windows: For Lease. Those signs have been there a long time. Much of the building that is rented is leased for government offices at high prices. But the prototype of private development within the Pennsylvania Ave. Plan area

has yet to lend substance to the grand claims of economic improvement made by the Plan's backers.

The Presidential Building sets some 50 feet back from the street. This is part of the Plan, too, designed to help create a broad vista towards the Capitol. The huge sidewalk area is laid out in what passes these days for an arbor, a few trees kept in solitary confinement from each other by yards of pavement. At a time when the city is nearly hysterical about its tax base, the avenue planners have consigned 50 feet of valuable land to sidewalks. If they were to create a thing of beauty in the process it might be defensible, but what is being done is the trading of the tax dollars for more bland paving.

Now look across the street. That's the old Post Office with its clock tower rising with Victorian ebullience above the drab boxes on either side. The otherwise informative National Capitol Planning Commission report on historical landmarks in the downtown urban renewal area tells us only that the building was constructed in 1897 and that it is in that category of buildings that are "landmarks of importance which contribute significantly to the cultural heritage or visual beauty and interest of the District of Columbia and its environs, and which should be preserved or restored, if possible." The NCPC has recently, however, voted to approve the razing of the building with exception of the clock tower, which shall be encased in some suitably inappropriate structure. Stand and gaze at the building for a few minutes and then look at what is around it. What other city in the world with pretensions of greatness would destroy such a building?

The Willard Hotel will have to go also. And that, perhaps, is even worse than the destruction of the Post Office building. At least the latter shall be replaced with a building but the Willard is coming down in order to make way for the National Square a multi-block stretch of emptiness, a mini-Mall for those who do not care to walk one block further to where the park lands begin. Built in 1901, the Willard

The photo above is of a 1865 funeral procession. Along with the other photos on these pages, it comes from Downtown Urban Renewal Area Landmarks, available from the Government Printing Office for \$1.50.

is described in the NCPC landmark guide as an "excellent example of the French-inspired eclectic Beaux Arts style of architecture." Carl Sandburg once remarked that "the Willard Hotel more justly could be called the center of Washington than either the Capitol or the White House or the State Department." It is doomed by the presumptuous, pretentious architects of the Pennsylvania Ave. Plan.

And these are not the only buildings of historical significance that are destined to be pushed aside for the Rosslynization of the avenue. The Franklin School at 13th & K NW is scheduled to be sold by the District government and, if not preserved by public action, will undoubtedly be demolished by some developer. It was built in 1896. The magnificent old Evening Star Building at 11th and Penna. Ave. NW is scheduled to be torn down to make complete the plan. The National Bank of Washington, the Occidental Building and the National Theatre, are also marked for destruction.

The landmarks report notes "Economic considerations cannot entirely dominate decisions to preserve or demolish landmarks. While the numerous churches, parks and statues scattered throughout the Downtown Area do not directly affect its financial stability, they do contribute to the variety and vitality of urban life by enriching the daily experience of District residents as well as visitors. If lost, the historic lessons and aesthetic enjoyment offered by these remnants of the community's cultural heritage can never be replaced." It's a message that clearly hasn't been heard on Capitol Hill or at the White House.

Further up the street, at 13th, stands a bland structure that houses, on its ground floor, a Drug Fair. As buildings go, it's not much, but it is one of the more modern structures on the avenue. It lacks the 50-foot setback, so it too will have to be torn down and replaced with another, properly recessed, structure.

Behind the Drug Fair building, E Street begins its entry into busy Pennsylvania Ave. Since Pennsylvania is supposed to become a "monumental" boulevard, the plan is to make E Street a submerged expressway, drawing traffic off the avenues and carrying six lanes of traffic towards 14th St. where a crossing would occur in a tunnel under the proposed National Square, thus, perhaps, providing Washington with its first monumental underground traffic jam. The

(Please turn to page 7)

E Street expressway would create other problem such as limiting access to buildings situated on it, and restricting necessary access to cross-streets. A consulting firm for the Redevelopment Land Agency thinks the E Street proposal is infeasible.

Above ground will be a great hunk of open plaza to be called the National Square, bringing to mind St. Peters Square. But the square in Washington will not present a vista of a great church or the seat of government or the residence of its chief executive. Again unconscious symbolism intrudes; America will become the first nation to have its national plaza situated at the foot of its treasury building. Open land is badly needed in Washington, but 14th & Pennsylvania is not one of the places.

Walk up 14th St. and take a look at the National Press Building. In testimony before the Senate on the Pennsylvania Ave. Plan there occurred this exchange between a Mr. Childs of the General Services Administration and Senator Bible:

CHILDS: It (The National Press Building) was built prior to the advent of air-conditioning, and the installation of air-conditioning.

BIBLE: Would you have to tear it down to modernize it, to bring air-conditioning in, to bring it into the 20th Century?

CHILDS: It is usually more economical to do it.

BIBLE: Tear it all down. Okay. Do the same principles apply to the Agriculture Building, the Smithsonian main building, the Capitol and the White House?

Now, turn down E St. back towards the Capitol. There are signs of commercial decay on either side. What has created this? Insufficient government offices and too few monuments? The problem would appear to be more complex than that.

When you arrive at 7th St. turn down towards Morton's Department store. Check the pedestrian traffic on 7th St. Is this a sign of center city decline? What are all those people doing there. The planners say they're out in the suburbs. It is Washington's other downtown, not the white-oriented downtown that is losing its clients to the suburbs, but a black-oriented downtown that is filling a vital need, especially in the wake of the destruction of the prime black shopping districts such as H St. NE. Morton's has two stores now. They are doing more business than all four of their stores were doing before the riots. Morton's is due to be torn down along with other businesses that primarily serve blacks downtown. Just whose downtown is being renewed?

The questions about the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan continue to pour out. Why spend this sum of money on this project, while riot-area

renewal lags? What happens if the City Council disapproves the Plan? The law provides for Council approval, but doesn't spell out whether its disapproval has any binding effect. Who is going to benefit financially from the Plan? There are signs Chase Manhattan Bank is being lined up as a prime developer. Why are shops with a long history of serving Washingtonians to be displaced for more overpriced Connecticut Avenue-type boutiques?

These are dismal times, a period of our history that we shall hopefully pass safely through. There may not be much that we can do to hasten the process, but we can at least do ourselves and our country the simple favor of not memorializing our contemporary idiocies in marble and concrete along Pennsylvania Ave. If we can not do right, we can at least avoid being so abysmally wrong.

In the path of a "monumental" avenue



THE old Evening Star building (shown draped in black at the time of McKinley's death) is one of the victims of the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan.



THE Willard Hotel, which would be torn down under the Pennsylvania Avenue Plan. The turn-of-the-century hotel is presently one of the more pleasing sights along the avenue.



THE Apex Liquor Store building, along with the statue to Temperance, would be removed by the Pennsylvania Avenue plan, and replaced by a building in the neo-Rosslyn tradition.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

THREE SISTERS DESIGN HEARINGS

Design hearings on the Three Sisters Bridge begin Dec. 14 with the District Building

still solidly behind the effort to force the unwanted, unneeded structure down the city's throat. The City Council has ducked its responsibility to conduct the hearings and the task will be assumed by Walter Washington's loyal GOP sidekick, Julian Dugas. The hearings will be held in the Commerce Department auditorium at 14th & E NW. Sessions will begin at 10 a.m., at a time least convenient for the most people. The Emergency Committee on the Transportation Crisis is demanding that the hearings be held at night. Another little roadblock that has been established by the District Building is the requirement that all witnesses make a request to speak in writing. Requests should be sent to Martin K. Schaller, Secretary to the Commissioner, room 528, District Building, 14th & E NW. Material on the hearings is available at room 16 of the District Building.

DOWNTOWN URBAN RENEWAL PLAN

Rai Okamoto, a planner who has developed a preliminary design concept for the

downtown urban renewal area, will make a public presentation of the plans at a meeting Nov. 23 at 8 p.m. at the District Building.

POPULATION PROPOSALS

The Population Institute, 100 Md. Ave. NE, is accepting proposals for population ed-

ucation and action projects. They are willing to consider assisting only groups non-political in nature. They are also starting a national newsletter on population and the environment. Interested persons are invited to contact them.

DEMOCRATIC REFERENDA

The DC Democratic Party is planning to include various referendum questions on its Jan. 12

primary ballot. Suggestions are invited. Write the committee at 1009 13th NW.

REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S CONVEN- TION

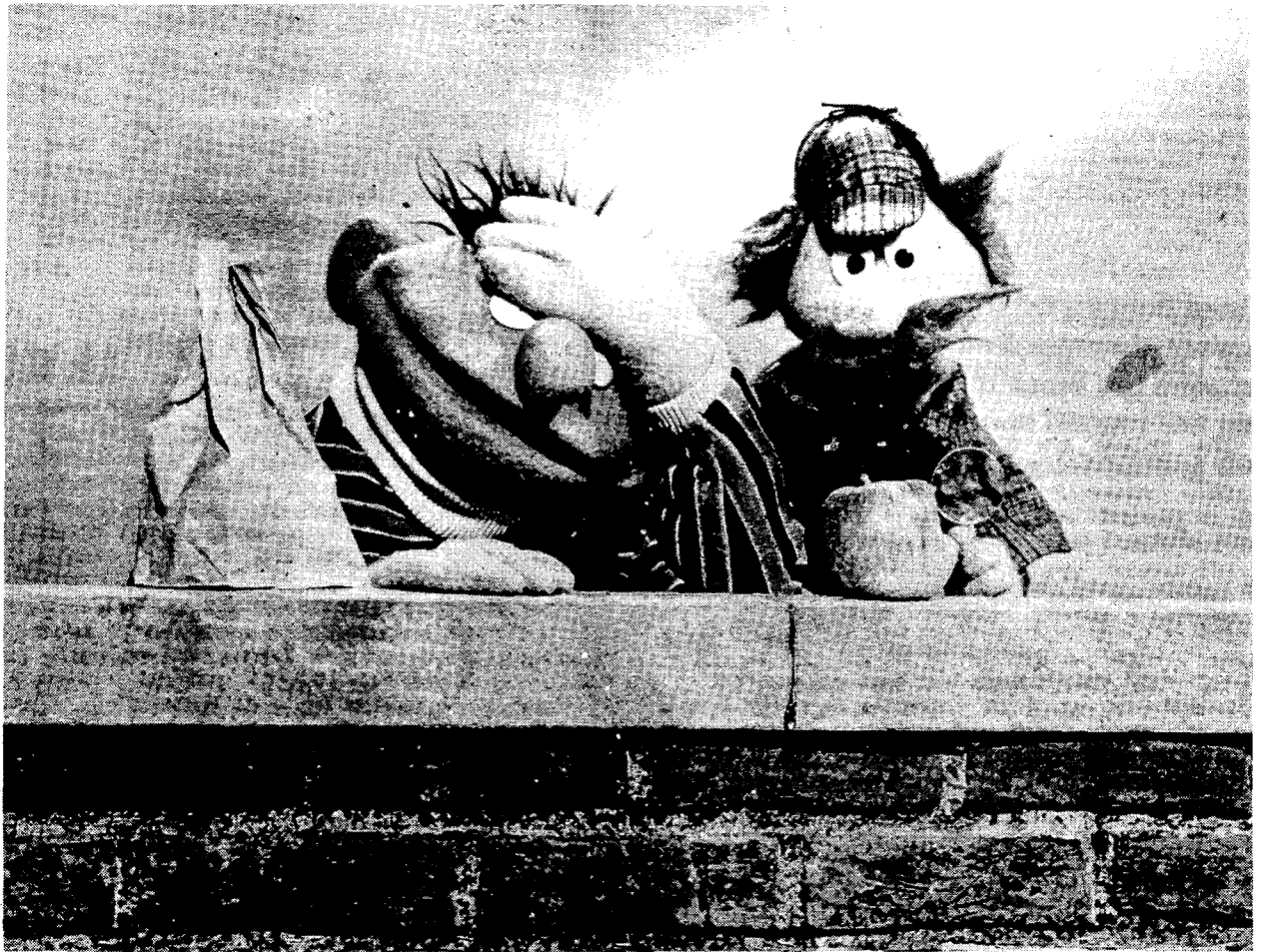
As we go to press the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention is still being denied a place to

meet in the District. Date set for the convention is Nov. 27-29. Housing, food, transportation, and funds are badly needed. Contact the Panther Defense Committee, 1724 20th NW, 20009. 462-6789.

INFO ON WOMEN

The Women's History Research Center has a wide variety of litera-

ture on the women's movement. For information, write WHRC, 2325 Oak, Berkeley, Calif.



SESAME STREET is back on Channel 26, including old favorite Ernie (left) and new character Sherlock Hemlock. Also new this year is a quarterly Sesame Street Magazine which is available in both English and Spanish. Many free copies will be distributed to viewing groups in the Washington. Subscriptions can be ordered at \$2 each from Box 1234, Ansonia Station, New York NY 10023.

ZONING HEARING

There will be a public hearing of the Zoning Commission on Dec.

1 at 10 a.m. at the District Building, room 12. The commission will hear testimony on a proposed private general psychiatric hospital at 4452 McArthur Blvd. NW.

ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION HURTING

Environmental Action is in serious financial trouble. A letter from national

coordinator Denis Hayes reports that "unless we get some immediate financing, we won't be able to continue." Send contributions to EA, Suite 400, 666 11th NW, DC 20001. (628-1722). EA also puts out an attractive and informative newsletter called Environmental Action, which is available from the same address.

FACTS ON DC SCHOOLS

The DC Schools have published a pamphlet called Facts and Figures 1969-1970 which

includes information on pupil enrollment, a follow-up survey of senior high graduates, age and capacity of school buildings, budget and finance, school calendar, teachers' salaries, brief narratives on selected special programs and services, and a map of school election wards and voting precincts. Available from Dr. Mildred Cooper, 347-6727.

PEACE CONFERENCE

The National Peace Action Coalition is holding a convention on

Dec. 4-6 at the Chicago Packinghouse Labor Center. The purpose of the convention is to plan massive antiwar activities for the spring. Everyone who opposes the war is invited to attend. All who register for the convention will have a vote. Mass housing and private housing will be available at a slight charge. Sleeping bags are advised. Registration is \$5 for adults and \$2 for students. Sponsors include the Student Mobilization Committee and various local peace action councils. For information and registration write NPAC, 2102 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

LIVING STAGE

Arena Stage's improvisational touring company, the Living Stage,

is in rehearsal. The company provides three different programs: theater for children and youth, improvisation workshops, and teacher training programs. Performances have been scheduled across the U.S. Info: Living Stage, 6th & M SW, DC 20024. (347-0931)

JEWISH RADICAL COFFEEHOUSE

The Jewish Urban Underground is a coffeehouse sponsored by Jews for Urban Justice. It

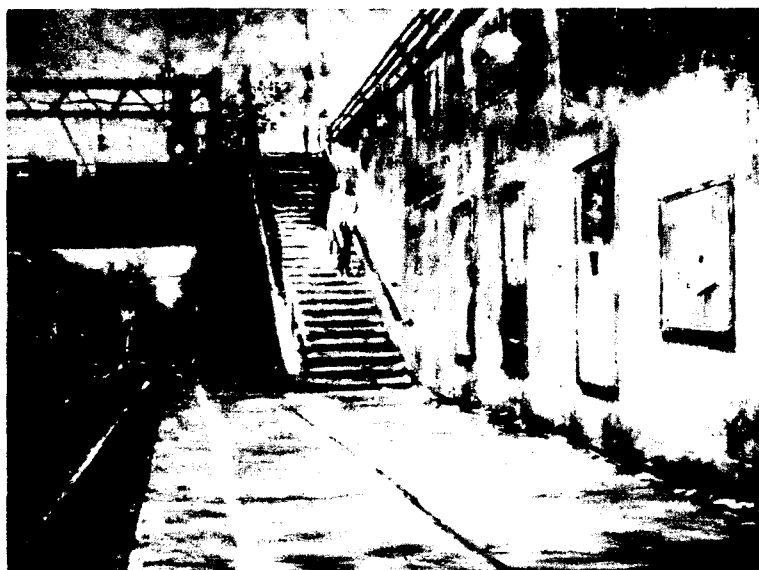
is holding a series of informal, off-the-record discussions at 2821 27th NW (between Woodley and Conn.). Programs start at 8 p.m. Upcoming are:

Nov. 30: Rennie Davis
Dec. 14: Uri Davis (Israeli draft resister)
Dec. 28: Karl Hess

INSURANCE HEARING

The DC Department of Insurance holds a public hearing Dec. 4 at

10 a.m. in room 512 of 614 H NW, to hear testimony on ways to provide burglary and theft insurance to DC residents at affordable rates. Those wishing to testify should call Mrs. Markey at 629-4514. Space is limited so those wishing to attend are asked to call the same number in advance.



THE works of Richard Hauser are on exhibit at the Capricorn Galleries, 8003 Woodmont Ave., Bethesda, through December 13.

DC ARTS



"PORTRAIT OF PAUL REVERE" by John Singleton Copley, part of the exhibition of early American painting at the National Gallery (see below).

ART

GENE DAVIS at the Corcoran through Dec. 30.

ART FROM MAINE at the Library of Congress.

BRITISH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE at the National Gallery through Jan. 3

JOSEPH AMAROTICO at the Mickelson through Dec. 1.

VICTOR VASARELY, GABOR PETERDI and CAROL SUMMERS at the Haslem through November.

AMERICAN PAINTINGS 1670-1970 (from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Metropolitan in New York) opens November 30 at the National Gallery.

BERNICE CROSS at the Bader through Nov. 28

NEW GUINEA PAINTING AND FABRICS at the Watkins through Dec. 19.

RICHARD HAUSER at the Capricorn through Dec. 13

RUBE GOLDBERG at the Museum of History and Technology beginning Nov. 25.

SHEILA ISHAM at the Jefferson Place Gallery through Dec. 5.

MUSIC

HANDEL'S MESSIAH at Constitution Hall, Dec. 5-6 (NA 8-7332)

GARRICK OHLSSON at Constitution Hall, Nov. 29 (393-4433)

ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER at Lisner Dec. 8-9 (393-4433)

BAYANIHAN, Philippine Dance Company, Dec. 12, Lisner (393-4433)

RUDOLF SERKIN at Constitution Hall, Dec. 13 (393-4433)

TOM RUSH at the Cellar Door through Nov. 29

NEIL YOUNG at the Cellar Door beginning Nov. 30.

FRANCINE TAYLOR AND SISTER BEA, gospel group, at St. Mark's Church, 3rd & A SE, every Sunday from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. \$1 admission. Beer and coke.

DRAMA

THE NIGHT THOREAU SPENT IN JAIL at the Arena through Nov. 29 (638-6700)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC at the Washington Theatre Club through Dec. 6.

BURY THE DEAD and BRINGING IT ALL BACK at the Back Alley through Dec. 20 (723-2040)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF at the National through Dec. 12.

THE DEVILS DISCIPLE at Catholic University through Dec. 6 (529-3333)

MOTHER COURAGE at the Arena. Previews start Dec. 4 (638-6700)

HAMLET by the Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company, directed by Jonathan Miller, Dec. 8-12 at St. Alban's School. (244-3635.

BALUSTRADE THEATER OF PRAGUE, pantomime, at the Lisner, Nov. 27-28 (NA 8-7332)

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL at American University Dec. 3-5 and Dec. 9-12. (244-6333)

Living cont'd

ZINC is a catalyst of energy production and the male hormone can't be produced without it. Zinc deficiency in animals results in loss of hair and food improperly absorbed through the intestinal walls. Zinc is found in insulin. Diabetics, i.e. people lacking insulin, have only half the normal amount of zinc.

CHROMIUM. In chronic cases of low blood sugar, a mere 125 micrograms brought the blood sugar up.

IODINE in sea vegetation is in the same amino acids as the iodine in the thyroid gland, unlike synthetic iodine supplements. The iodine-containing thyroid hormone thyroxine helps generate currents of brain electricity, and thus affects intelligence. Children born with congenitally defective thyroid glands become mentally retarded. Iodine deficiency causes a low metabolic rate, which is noted by cold hands and feet, and physical and mental sluggishness. Thyroxine helps the body burn fat. Organic iodine isn't toxic; excesses are excreted.

FLUORINE-rich soil in Deaf Smith, Texas, caused fluorine-rich crops, which (along with magnesium) protected the local residents from tooth decay. It was this fact that led to the idea of adding inorganic sodium fluoride compounds to water. Sodium fluoride is a cumulative poison so even very small amounts in water every day will add up. A by-product of the aluminum industry, it used to be dumped into the Gulf of Mexico, killing the fish for miles around and poisoning the Gulf feed-beds for 2 years. I heartily recommend that you protect your precious bodily fluids by getting spring water or a water filter and get safe, plant-processed fluorine from seaweeds.

SULPHUR is a blood conditioner and cleanser and promotes secretion of bile.

BROMINE is concentrated in the pituitary gland. During manic depression the bromine level of the blood falls to half the normal amount and increases only upon recovery.

A government document states that "an oil extracted from certain drifted seaweed contained 1,000 times more Vitamins A & D than an equal quantity of cod liver oil." Perhaps sea fish get their A & D from seaweed, and store it in their livers. Seaweed is also rich in anti-hemorrhagic Vitamin K, anti-sterility Vitamin E, Vitamin C and the B-complex Vitamins.

MURTILLIN, found in myrtle and blueberry leaves and all sea plants, seems to help metabolize carbohydrates and prevent hypoglycemia

(i.e. low blood sugar, to be discussed in a future article). Blueberry leaf tea is traditionally used in the Alpines for diabetes (which is related to the seemingly opposite problem of low blood sugar). Perhaps, sea vegetation would be similarly helpful. The sugar found in seaweed, called fucose, is not harmful to diabetics since it doesn't raise the sugar level of the blood.

Seaweed helps plants as much as it helps people. This was shown by 2 intertwined tomato plants, one fertilized with decomposed sea life and the other with commercial fertilizer. The first remained unscathed while insects fulfilled their purpose by eating the other.

Until you can grow your own mineral-rich vegetables, with organic compost and seaweed, you would be wise to get these nutrients directly from sea vegetation every day.

Children instinctively enjoy raw dulse, once the external salt has been washed off. Delicious hijiki, which looks like black noodles, can be eaten raw or cooked. Asakusa nori comes in sheets, looks like carbon paper, and is very good with cottage cheese or rice rolled up in it.

Futurists talk of farming the ocean, but it's already being farmed by nature and appreciated by "primitive" peoples all over the world.

Abortion cont'd

times killed by unlicensed quacks, and the fact that every known survey of the medical profession indicates that an overwhelming majority of physicians favor reform of existing laws. This report will not be voted on as a binding regulation until after the Vuitch case is decided.

The report's only opponent, Councilman Philip Daugherty staged the first filibuster in the Council's three year history in trying to talk the report away. He argued that its adoption would make Washington the "abortion mecca of the country," that it overlooked the rights of the father and the unborn child, that statistics support neither the notion that a majority of people support legalized abortion nor that the poor suffer most under existing legislation, and that legalized abortion would open wide the doors to euthanasia, genocide and total moral corruption and collapse.

The Chairman of the Health and Welfare Committee, Councilman Robinson, said in an interview following the November 3rd Council meeting that he would favor two amendments to his committee's report: to limit abortions to the first 12 weeks and to insist upon parental approval for abortions for minors.



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FOR CHRISTMAS

CORRESPONDENCE Cont'd

deal brighter in campaign oratory than it did in reality).

In either case, there is not much encouragement in the record for those who seek radical changes in the District's status. The article did give Walter the edge on points, but narrowly. I don't think I'm unique in my reservations about both candidates. Many of the people I've talked to, including some prominent members of both political camps) share them, and have reached a choice through an arduous split decision of their mind. As argued elsewhere in this issue, the candidacy of Julius Hobson would offer a more substantial alternative.

Two small points:

1) The heart of the article was not that black people need a little bit of demagogue. The heart of the article was that Fauntroy has a different constituency than do you and that his constituency more closely reflects the disenfranchised of the city. No matter how ironic this may be, it is still so. The stylistic question is whether one prefers a 1950s-style NAACP lobbyist or a 1960s-style civil rights stump preacher. In either case, it is now 1970.

2) I'd go slow on that instant soul bit in the last paragraph. It's a little unbecoming a man who is going to get much of his bankroll, organization and votes from west of the Park. Also, since I was contacted early in the campaign and asked to support your candidacy, I assume that your complaint is not really with white newspaper editors, but with those that don't back you in the election.

Walk in love,
Sam

Home rule's not all

I READ with great interest Bruce Terris' analysis of Channing Phillips. Perhaps, without realizing it, Mr. Terris has defined the single most important issue in the upcoming D. C. delegate race: just what should be the function of the new delegate?

I suppose that all serious candidates for the office would agree that a non-voting delegate is yet another illustration of how Congress treats the City of Washington. We have almost 800,000 people within our boundaries, and yet we still have no say in determining our own destiny. Clearly, all serious candidates must favor--and fervently work for--local self-government.

But that's not the only issue, and let's not fool ourselves that home-rule for the District will automatically solve all our problems. New Yorkers, Chicagoans, and Detroiters, to name but a few, all have plenty of votes--and still face the same issues which confront Washingtonians.

John Hechinger, former Chairman of the City Council, told the House District of Columbia Committee earlier this year that Congressional inaction is causing the city "to go down the drain." That was several months ago; as of November 1, the House still has not given the city any money to work with. Not only do we have to curtail new plans, but the city really doesn't know whether it will be able to continue its existing programs.

The Mayor has a very comprehensive and excellent legislative package pending in Congress. In addition to the revenue authority, this package includes such measures as: seed money for D. C. housing (passed Senate); D. C. health improvements (passed Senate); industrial safety measures (passed Senate); and public ownership of D. C. transit (passed Senate). Not one of them has been acted on by the House District of Columbia Committee.

In my opinion, a major function of a D. C. delegate is to push and prod the Congress until it enacts all of these measures, including home rule. Mr. Terris suggests that the Rev. Phillips is "the right man to lead such a national campaign for self-government. I cannot agree more. Channing Phillips has shown his ability to speak--from coast to coast--in an articulate and persuasive manner about colonialism in the District. He must continue to do so. But what we need in Congress is a man like Walter Fauntroy, who is an effective spokesman and has demonstrated his concern for the day-to-day problems of our City. We need a Congressman to be an ombudsman for us; we need a Congressman to get us the pork-barrel projects on which other Congressmen are so adept. In short, we need a full-time lobbyist on Capitol Hill.

Walter Fauntroy has demonstrated his leadership ability. He also has the experience--gained as Vice-Chairman of the first City Council this city ever had--to work with the Congress. And let's not underestimate the necessity to work with Congress, not only for home rule, but for all those other matters that keep a city moving.

Benny L. Kass

Volpe and parking

THE Department of Transportation on November 5 condemned and took over (with the help of the Dept. of Justice and Attorney General John Mitchell) the parking garage in the privately-owned Nassif Building at 7th and D Streets SW--across the street from the HUD headquarters.

As could have been anticipated, the DOT, according to Jack Eisen of the Washington Post, "challenged any suggestion that the low-cost parking would undermine Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe's avowed effort to switch commuters from autos to mass transit. 'The present bus system', he said, 'is just not sufficient.'"

The cost of taking over the garage is \$447,000, and this step will assure 305 parking spaces for DOT VIPs. This is outlandishly expensive even for VIP parking spaces.

The Emergency Committee on the Transportation Crisis wrote a sharp letter on Nov. 9 to DOT Secretary Volpe requesting an immediate meeting to discuss the problem. In the letter Sam Abbott, ECTC publicity director, told Secretary Volpe:

"You have failed miserably and utterly to 1) provide fringe parking in the suburbs as called for in Sec. 112 of the Federal-aid Highway Act of 1968, and 2) provide a commuter railroad program using the trackage going right through the SW employment area and within 100 feet of the Nassif Building, the parking space of which you have now condemned. As befits a colony, or an occupied land seized by an invading army, you have condemned and seized property in a building you do not own for a most dubious purpose.

"The Nassif Building was built by private investors, it does not destroy the tax base of the District as federally constructed buildings do, it keeps jobs in the District for Black employees--unlike the current move to suburbia which props up lily-white properties there, a move in which the federal government is taking a major part."

ECTC has long supported commuter buses, and a commuter railroad program as a means of reducing auto congestion and air pollution in the District. The Senate Public Works Committee called for a similar program in a major study in 1968 entitled "Metropolitan Area Pilot Transportation Study" which Secretary Volpe has given lip service to.

Proposals are now before Secretary Volpe by some of his own subordinate agencies which are, by implication, at least, highly critical of his step in condemning the Nassif Building garage. One proposal is to issue free tokens to



low income bus riders, (a step which those candidates who have announced for the Congress, including the Rev. Walter Fauntroy, and the Rev. Channing Phillips, should be asked to support publicly) as far less harmful than a major parking program for suburbanites.

Secretary Volpe's unprecedented action raises three questions: Do federal employees expect cheap parking on high-priced D. C. land which will displace District citizens and Businesses? 2. Do federal employees from suburbia oppose fringe parking in lily-white suburbia, since little or no effort has been made to establish fringe parking in the suburbs? 3. Do federal employees favor railroad and bus commuter programs as recommended by the Senate Public Works Committee?

George Frain

Criticizing critics

MR. Shales' comments about critics should be answered. I suppose that Pauline Kael won't bother, but as a fan of Joel Siegel's, I will.

Although Mr. Shales seems to be writing a diatribe against the Gazette's movie critic, Mr. Siegel; in reality he is waging a sophomoric campaign against the concept of the art critic and "criticism-in-general."

Mr. Shales' lead sentence should have been, "Does the art critic have any reason to exist?" From my viewpoint, I should hope so. First I believe that there may be some people around who do know a little more about an art form than I; and hopefully, these people have developed criteria which enable them to judge a work of art knowledgeably. Secondly, I am grateful for their perceptions because it can save me money when faced with a monthly trek to the movies.

At times a critic can become precious. Mr. Siegel's willingness to cite mass audience reaction or devious behind-the-scene money-grabbing is a case in point. However, nine

(Please turn to page 14)

washington area free university



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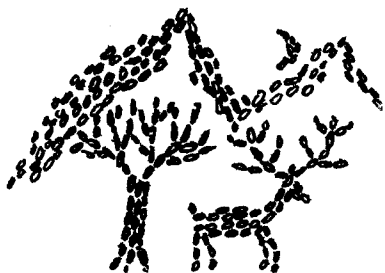
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REVOLUTIONARY PEOPLE'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

NOVEMBER 27, 28, 29

Third World People Women Students
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are coming to Washington to write a new constitution which will represent their diverse grievances and goals.

Efforts are now being made to provide the necessary housing, food, transportation, and funds for brothers and sisters who will be coming to Washington.

All funds and materials should be sent to:

The Panther Defense Committee
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phone: 462-6789, 462-6790



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Bunuel, Chabrol and Godard

LOUIS Bunuel is now 71 and almost totally deaf. His new film, *Tristana*, is filled with bitterly cruel jokes about old men and deafness. Ever the enemy of sentiment and bourgeois morality. Bunuel has always been as ruthlessly unsympathetic with himself as he has been with the rest of the world. He is one of the very few filmmakers whose body of work is untouched by compromise and, despite his age, he is now, in several important ways, making better films than ever before. His last movie, *The Milky Way* --a sort of walking tour of Catholic heresies--was an autumnal masterpiece, self-assured, reflective, tightly controlled. (Earlier films like *An Andalusian Dog* and *Los Olvidados* earned Bunuel the reputation for making 'shocking' movies, but the deceptive calmness of such recent films as *Belle de Jour* and *The Milky Way* is every bit as rewarding.) *Tristana* is not first-rate Bunuel; in fact, it's probably the director's worst film of the past decade. Still, after having made that admission, it's surprising how much there is in *Tristana* film to enjoy.

In its bold outlines, *Tristana* really isn't much of a story. Don Lope, a rich, randy, old atheist, free-thinker and free-lover has an affair with Tristana, his breathtakingly beautiful young ward (played, of course, by Catherine Deneuve). She runs off with a virile young painter but returns, desperately ill, to Don Lope several years later. After suffering a leg amputation, she decides to stay with Don Lope and transforms him into everything he swore that he would never become. He marries her, admits to his aged weariness, gives away money to charities, even invites priests to his home for food and conversation. Having stripped poor, hypocritical Don Lope of his pride and principles, the perverse innocence of Tristana ultimately strips him of his life.

In the hands of most directors, the frailty of this story would be strained by its heavy ironies, but Bunuel tells it in such a low-keyed, deadpanned fashion that you probably won't even see what *Tristana*'s all about until after you leave the theatre. (The story may sound familiar. Bunuel intended to direct it eight years ago as a follow-up to *Viridiana* but he could not secure approval from the Spanish censors. Last year, he was finally given permission but the script itself is somewhat dated and follows a style which Bunuel no longer employs.) Catherine Deneuve once and forever proves herself more actress than mannequin in her superbly crafted Tristana. Of course, Bunuel is her ideal Director; only he, it seems, knows exactly what to do with Deneuve's grave but stunning stolidity. Franco Nero, in what amounts to a walk-on is just another pretty face but Fernando Rey, in a similar role to the one he played in *Viridiana*, is an oddly affecting Don Lope, as touching as he is absurd.

To me, the most interesting thing about Bunuel's last few films is how visually elegant his work has become. In the past, up until the mid-Sixties in fact, the director never seemed to care a fig about technique. Some of his very best films (*The Exterminating Angel*, *Nazarin*) were carelessly shot and clumsily lighted. Perhaps, and this is just a presumptuous guess, Bunuel's increasing deafness has sharpened his eye. Whatever the cause, his last few films have been lovely and *Tristana*--styled in sombre blues, browns and blacks with odd accents of scarlet--is no exception. The camera movements, a series of short gliding arcs, are richly expressive. The formal excellence is quite enough reason to recommend *Tristana*; it's just about the only decently made movie in town. But if you've never seen a Bunuel movie before, you'd probably be best advised to pass this one by until a later date. *Tristana* is not prime Bunuel and will only be fully enjoyed by moviegoers who have sampled some of the Master's more forceful efforts.

YOU can reduce the breathless raves about Claude Chabrol's *This Man Must Die* by a ninety per cent fudge factor. In the early Sixties, Chabrol turned out a series of hypnotically heartless films, among them, *The Cousins*, *Les Bonnes Femmes* and *L'Oeil du Malin*. However, lately he has been grinding out

academic, eviscerated, ur-Hitchcock thrillers which seem to dazzle many critics with their moral complexity. They don't do much for me. *Les Biches* was, at least, enjoyably overripe in its conceits and performances; *Le Femme Infidele* wasn't much fun at all but, despite its thinness, served as a model of precise, fussily elegant filmmaking. *This Man Must Die* doesn't even succeed on that level; the interior scenes are murkily lighted and photographed and the limp pacing of most of the film might well drive you up the wall. (For once, I was grateful that people were whispering in the row behind me.) Since the film's source, a pulpy Nicholas Blake thriller, isn't much more than high-grade trash to start with, one wonders why Chabrol is being so solemn about everything. Chabrol, who, in his days as a film critic, used to make fun of portentous directors, seems to think he's filming *Crime and Punishment*. There are a few nice moments in the film, in particular one of those

nasty *haute bourgeoise* dinner parties which Chabrol does better than anybody else. But most of *This Man Must Die* lies rotting on the screen under the weight of its own solemnity and none of the actors, apart from Jean Yanne as the killer, seems to be of much help. (Michel Duchaussoy, as the father trying to avenge the hit-and-run killing of his son, gives a big handsome nothing of a performance.) Better sit this one out and wait for the arrival of Chabrol's new film, *The Butcher*, with Yanne and the superb Stephan Audran.

JEAN-LUC Godard's aptly titled *Wind From the East*, an unimaginably dull and wholly elitist revolutionary tract and auto-critique, marks another stage in this great filmmaker's decline. As a film critic friend of mine observed, "Chairman Mao and the Cultural Revolution have a lot to answer for."

MUSIC | SALLY CROWELL

The blues festival

DURING the recent rock concerts held at Georgetown and Maryland Universities, dissatisfied youths smashed bottles and hurled rocks to express their frustration when 'sold out' houses prevented them from attending the performance. Many of the students argued that music belongs to the 'people' and that such concerts should be presented to the public free-of-charge. During the opening night of the Washington Blues Festival at Howard University blacks ripped tickets off whites in order to gain entrance into another 'sold out' performance, shouting that the 'blues' belonged to black people and that they resented the high price of admission and the large number of honkies present. Such desperate actions on the part of these individuals is not simply a denunciation of the system that created the promoters and the artists, it is more clearly a demonstration of the need for such concerts, or similar experiences, to exist. People are finding the live sound of today's music a much needed way to cut across the cultural and social differences that separate people and get to the common feelings that might hopefully bind them. The positive vibrations produced at the Washington Blues Festival were not brought to us via film, radio, recordings or television. While the mass media has done its utmost to simulate the atmosphere and the immediacy of

such moments, there is nothing quite like being there with the performer. This, the young people know--even if it becomes reduced to listening to the sounds over an amplifier in somebody's corn field.

The week-end of the Washington Blues Festival added another dimension to this kind of experience. It took us back to the source of a particular musical expression called 'the blues', allowed us to examine the roots and understand the origins of a sound that is so much a part of the rock and popular music of today. While young musicians, black and white alike, are technically skilled, recreating a sound that is unique to them and their generation, it would seem that whenever possible, we should seek out the source and understand the creative force that originally produced the expression. This is not to say that The Beatles and the Rolling Stones are imitations. It is rather to say that there is a difference. They are one thing; B. B. King and Muddy Waters are something else again.

Regardless of the political questions and the various problems that resulted from the festival, we should be thankful that producer Topper Carew of the New Thing Art and Architecture Center pulled it off here, and that Washington was able to be a part of the rebirth of the blues before it was too late.



BIG Boy Arthur Crudup, one of the performers at the recent blues festival. (Photo by Michael Salzberg)

Growing old at DC Village

MARCIA FELDMAN

IN her eighties, Stella F. became senile. She no longer could feed, dress or bathe herself, and her child-like fascination with the burners on the gas stove was a menace. It was obvious that she could not be cared for adequately in the tiny house where she lived with her granddaughter, Mrs. B, and three great-grandchildren. Mrs. B could not purchase care in a private nursing home; her GS-2 salary of not quite \$5,000 a year could barely cover everyday expenses.

Fortunately for the B's, Washington's public institution for the aged, DC Village, had a place for Mrs. F. Mrs. F, too, was lucky. No one is exactly sure of how many like her live in the District, but national figures suggest that this hidden population is large. Across the country, 10 percent of the population, some 20 million persons, is over 65. These people account for 20 percent of those living at or below the poverty level. The disabilities of age often combine with the limitations of poverty to make many such persons virtual recluses, living without family or friends and seldom venturing outside except to shop.

At DC Village, Mrs. F had companionship and care. She seemed happier, as if she knew that she no longer was a burden. For others, however, this opportunity is now more remote, for shortly after Mrs. F was admitted, shortages of money and staff forced DC Village to reduce its capacity by about 50 beds from its planned 844. Its budget has just been cut further along with those of other agencies in the District's Department of Human Resources.

Such shortages are not new to DC Village, of course, but even with them it appears to be providing adequate care at an average cost of \$22 a day per person on a yearly budget of some \$5 million. The staff of about 500 includes some 300 nurses and assistants, 6 doctors, 14 social service workers, 18 medical ancillary workers (lab technicians, physical therapists and the like), 3 dental service personnel, 5 recreation workers, 80 food service personnel and 65 housekeepers. The residents appear clean and so do halls, bedrooms and public areas. Only occasionally does one smell urine. Doctors make daily rounds, and the staff is told to give "social" as well as medical care.

The institution itself is modern. Its facilities include a five-story infirmary with 342 beds for those requiring medical care and 10 one-story cottages for more independent residents. The cottages are connected to each other and to the central building by sunny, glass-walled corridors. Each cottage for 50 persons has dining and recreation rooms, a nursing station manned around the clock and bedrooms for one, two, or four persons.

In the middle of a recent afternoon, most of the residents of one cottage seemed to be at home. Some were in the central building's auditorium where games of cards and pool were in progress. Some were in their rooms. The larger bedrooms contained little but institutional furnishings. The smaller quarters were much more personal. One double room in which a husband and wife lived contained a radio, magazines and such items as bottles of scent and hairbrushes. Another room, occupied by one sprightly woman in her eighties, was decorated with religious pictures, an inexpensive lamp and artificial flowers.

A tiny lady bent over a cane put her free hand about the waist of a visiting social worker. "Mrs. S. comes to my office every day to talk," the worker explained. "She's quite alert." Other residents, however, seemed oblivious to everything around them. They sat with dulled faces in the dayroom where the television made the only sounds or moved silently through the corridors with the aid of canes or of railings built into the walls.

For people like Mrs. S. there are such outlets as occupational therapy where weaving rugs from torn-up rags is a popular pastime and some chance to earn money by tasks such as running the library, ironing and wheeling fellow patients. Residents edit a mimeographed monthly newsletter that is filled with cheerful reports of parties and concerts editorials deploring pollution and the rising cost of living, jokes, gossip and, inevitably, obituaries. Residents may serve on the Residents' Council, participate in monthly birthday parties, join a poker club,

attend game nights and weekly church service and enjoy numerous visits from the Salvation Army, bands from the Armed Services and many volunteer groups. Everyone receives a monthly allowance of \$20, which may be spent at the barber shop or beautician on the premises, in the canteen or in stores during excursions to town. Almost half the population, some 300 to 350 persons, participates in the recreation programs organized by Mrs. Julia Dekosky and her staff, who also bring entertainment to the bedridden.

Many patients assist the staff. "In a community like this," observed Mrs. Bernice Craig of the social service staff, "People look out for each other." In this setting, too, it seems that people have gone beyond racial conflict for one reason or another. The staff says that there is almost none. None is apparent to the casual observer, despite the fact that the population, almost equally divided between men and women, is 36 percent white and 64 percent nonwhite.

DC Village was established in 1906 as the Blue Plains Home for the Aged and Infirm. It was so isolated from the community, in a swampy area in far Southwest, that supplies had to be brought in by river barge. The city has long since grown out to this area, and with it have come roads and the A-4 bus. But the site is still remote.

The years have brought new buildings and numerous changes. "When we were the District poorhouse," explained administrator David B. Schwartz, "The elderly poor lived with their families or came here. Our population was younger and healthier then. Now public assistance and Social Security payments enable many people to live in the community until they no longer can function independently. As a result we now find that most of our residents can live only in an institutional setting and that we must

emphasize nursing and protective care. We do not have room for the healthy elderly person seeking a place to live. We try to place those who can manage for themselves in the community in foster homes or furnished rooms.

"Primarily," he continued, "We want to provide a protective environment for those who need it, and to keep each person's perspective about living. But you must realize that the average age of our residents is 77 and that most live less than four years after coming here. Still, we did discharge 32 residents to the community last year."

How good is DC Village? The question can best be answered by placing this institution in perspective. First, it was built to be a nursing home, not converted from some other use as often is the case. Its facilities thus are geared specifically to the needs of the elderly. There are ramps for wheelchairs, rails along the walls and in bathrooms, few steps, convenient nursing stations and the like.

Second, as a nonprofit, government-run institution, DC Village is subject to some public scrutiny. By contrast, a vast majority of nursing homes (almost 90%) are responsible to almost no one but their stockholders or owners. There is some government regulation, of course, provided for in the legislation establishing Medicare (Federal health insurance for those 65 and over) and Medicaid (Federal and state health programs for the needy), but there is virtually no meaningful enforcement of these standards.

Conditions at many proprietary homes are appalling, as hearings recently conducted by Representative David Pryor (D-Arkansas) revealed. At DC Village conditions are decent at least, and its residents appear to have some hope of living their remaining years in some comfort.

MEDIA | THOMAS SHALES

Sex in New York City

"AMERICA is sex saturated and sex starved," a minister once told me. He must have just come back from New York. I have. And New York has got sex on its mind. New York is horny as hell.

The sex tabloids are on almost all the newsstands now; girls and boys are bending forward and backward on the covers and trying to lure you inside. Tongues are slobbering everywhere.

Painted on the window of a porno store, a cornball's idea of a sexy woman say, "Hi there, fellas, I'm Joy. Come on inside. Oh --but you must be 21."

Inside are the endless collections of something for everybody. As you browse through the handily arranged categories--floggings, leather bindings, whipcream and strawberry jam--you can hear the soundtrack from the nearby peepshow. It is a medley of moans--another cornball's idea of ecstasy--and they get louder and louder and funnier and funnier until the 25 cents is all used up.

Nearby on 42nd Street--"where the underworld can meet the elite," according to the title tune from the Busby Berkeley musical--there's yet a new wrinkle in the mad porno race. It's called "Love Play Theatre." Outside is a shabby grey photograph. It shows a junky bed with two pillows on it surrounded by second-hand theatre seats. Performances begin at noon.

Sex can keep almost any play or movie running, no matter how bad it is. A boring off-Broadway show called "Score" survives on the strength of lurid critical quotes, which are always easy to come by, and on the promise to its audience of "3-dimensional pornography." It is a preposterous and boring comedy about a married couple who try to seduce another married couple--the

husbands in the living room and the wives in the bedroom. It has been "held over." Top seats are ten bucks.

The film Threesome is an utter fraud that makes it on inventive advertizing--the posters show 2 naked girls and 1 naked man preparing to bed down together, even though nothing like that ever happens in the film itself. At the end of the picture, a small credit informs you that the body of the lead actress has been dubbed in by a model. The picture is not about three-for-all sex but is instead the dirge-like saga of a wife who finds out she's a lesbian and moves in with a model. Their affair is interrupted when the model gets pregnant (don't ask how). They walk off together by the seashore. The End, suckers.

The skinflicks keep escalating--or at least pretending to escalate. Outright fucking is still limited mainly to pseudo-documentaries, like the entertaining and fairly forthright Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach and Alex de Renzy's followup to that smash, A History of the Blue Movie which at long last moves a bunch of classic stag and smoker films to the bigtime moviehouse--thereby shearing them of their entire mystique.

Meanwhile, moviemakers are running out of variations on the silver screen. He and She was one-upped by Her and She and Him. But on another marquee we find the promise of an even more crowded screen: Seven Consenting Adults. Graphic!!! it says, with never less than three exclamation points.

The once-proud old moviehouses (like, in DC, Loew's Palace and the Warner), desperate for money, have found fat payoffs in the cheapest of skinflicks. Skinlick patrons never complain or demand their money back, no matter

(Please turn to page 14)

Media cont'd

how they've been cheated or duped. They seem to be so grateful for the sight of a nipple or two, or a set of pubic hairs, that no insult insults them.

Well, where does it put us? On the road to oblivion? That may be where we are, but good old filth didn't put us there. Only an idiot would say that pornography destroys societies. In fact an idiot did say it, and not so long ago, either.

Porno can be funny, it can be fun--and it can be satisfactorily arousing, although that can lead to complications. In a new film comedy The Owl and the Pussycat, George Segal goes into a skinflick house and a man offers to rent him an overcoat. Think about it. (Filmmaker Robert Downey, who made skinflicks to get money for films like Putney Swope, says that, in "the trade," a top skinflick is rated a "3-hatter"--referring to the number of hats required on a patron's lap.)

The next step here is obvious. In addition to that little slot for your quarter, those peep-show boxes will have strategically placed, rubber of foam-lined groin-high holes in which

the customer--perhaps a stockbroker on his lunch hour--will be able to find a bigcity's version of true, if fleeting, happiness. I can't wait to read the directions printed on the side.

It's depressing, all right, and the problem is not the porno but the furtive audience for it. Almost anybody can get turned on by feelthy pictures--and there's no real justification for calling that craven or unhealthy--but with so many people apparently depending on it as perhaps their soul source of sexual gratification, we could turn ourselves into a race oanists. Exclusively. Somehow, that just doesn't seem right.

One conceivable remedy would be legalized prostitution and licensed whorehouses (they have them in some countries). This may not be the sexual ideal, but it does seem a virtual necessity if we are going to curtail the genuinely saddening sex obsession in our cities.

At least, in such an establishment, the vagina that receives the penis, and the penis that encounters the vagina, would be the kind made by the Good Lord in Heaven--and not by a factory in Newark.

Correspondence cont'd

times out of ten, whether or not I follow Mr. Siegel's advice, I find him right.

The function of a critic is first as an interpreter and secondly as an arbitrator. No critic worth his pay (and this includes Mr. Siegel) either sets himself up as God--or as Satan. A beneficial critic, such as Siegel, might shed tears in the same parts of a movie as Mr. Shales. However, a good critic will also question. "Now, just what happened in the movie that made me cry?"

A critic analyzes. Perhaps, some people,

such as Mr. Shales, resent analysis of a work of art. That's their problem. A movie that left the critic "cold" deserves to be torn apart. The movie that really moved him also deserves the same scrutiny.

If a work of art (in this case, movies) can stand up after dissection it is a meaningful creation--not only for the artist and the viewer, but even for (bless his analytical heart) the critic.

Jean Kling

Endorsement cont'd

and loudly that the delegate post is a sham, an insult to the people of the District. If he ran, he would probably run on one major premise: that he was running to abolish the post and to replace it with full, uncompromised self-government. To Phillips and Fauntroy and Yeldell, the delegate position is the first level of nirvana; they will speak in grand terms of their potential in the office. This is nonsense; all you have to do is ask some of the reactionary congressional leaders who gave us the position. They'll tell you that nothing is going to change and that if the new boy doesn't watch his step what the lord has given will be taken away. Phillips, Fauntroy, and Yeldell are willing to play that game, to moderate their actions and their words accordingly.

Doug Moore would not play the game, to be sure, but he has not yet demonstrated the capacity to transfer rhetoric into action viable beyond the last edition of the next day's paper. Further, he has been unable to develop the sort of constituency that supports both the rhetoric and the action.

Hobson, I would imagine, would approach the job of delegate by the creative ignoring of the rules, not by futile showmanship or obsequiousness, but with a blend of chutzpah and craftsmanship that no other candidate can match. The case for Hobson is a lengthy one, but a few comparative notes should suffice for the moment:

- Hobson is brighter than all the other major candidates.

- Hobson is tougher than all the others.

- Hobson can never be accused, as can the others, of not sticking by his stated principles.

- Hobson has done more for the peace movement than the other candidates.

- Hobson has done more for education than any of the others.

- Hobson has spent more time in jail (including 28 days in Parchment Farm) than any of the others (a fact only relevant because of Walter Fauntroy's attempt to depict himself as the most brutalized candidate)

- Hobson has been more deeply involved in the freeway, and home rule fights than the others

- Hobson knows more about the main business of Congress--law--than do any of the other candidates.

- Unlike Phillips, Fauntroy and Yeldell, Hobson is an outspoken advocate of radical economic change--and doesn't go around attempting to convince people that efforts like MICCO and the Housing Development Corporation are more than incremental improvements in the status quo.

- In fact, the only comparison with the other major candidates in which Hobson might suffer is a theological one. Hobson is not now and never has been a minister. You can't have everything.

- Obviously, a longer discussion of Hobson is in order, and such will be provided in future issues. But for those who would find that gilding the lily for those who already know the measure of the man and who, like myself, would find in Hobson a someone who could be supported enthusiastically and without apologies, I ask that you join with those of us who are attempting to draft Julius Hobson as a candidate for delegate. Quit flipping that coin and join in a movement of principle and conscience. The issue is not who can work well with Walter Washington or with Carl Albert. The issue is who can substantially advance the cause of freedom. If any DC resident can it is Julius.

- I would especially plead with those who call themselves liberals to ask themselves what Fauntroy or Phillips, stripped of the day-glo paint of contemporary political imagery have really done for the District compared with the efforts of Hobson, which date back to the day's when Washington CORE was fighting for desegregation here. Hobson was ahead of his time then, and he still is.

- It will be hard for Hobson to win; neither the Board of Trade nor the Kennedyite cornucopias will spill out in his direction; but neither is he a hopeless candidate. The extent of his viability depends in the end on how many people choose substance over imagery. I have found many people in the District yearning for something better than the hobson's choice between Fauntroy and Phillips. And Hobson is the choice.

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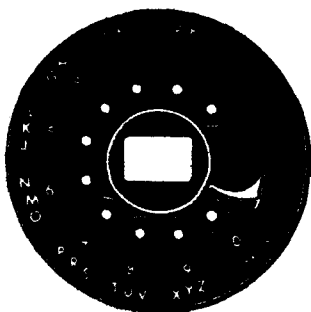
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If you agree and are willing to contribute time or money to the movement for Julius Hobson, please call me at 543-5850. This is no quixotic effort; the people already behind Hobson are preparing not only a campaign for a candidate but a campaign for full self-determination such as this city has never seen. Win or lose, the campaign for Hobson is going to make a major impact on the politics of the city.

I am sure that Hobson will run if we can build an organization to get the campaign off the ground. As they say on the radio, that number once again is 543-5850 and ask for Sam. It's not a very literary way to end a piece, but the bon mots can wait. We've got business to take care of.



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ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION, Suite 400, 666 11th St. NW, 628-1722

COALITION AGAINST THE SST, 235 Mass. Ave. NE, 547-1125

METROPOLITAN WASHINGTON COALITION FOR CLEAN AIR, 1714 Mass. Ave. NW, DC 20036, 234-7100.

ECOLOGY CENTER, Potomac & Prospect NW, 338-5010

OTHER

COMMITTEE FOR AN EFFECTIVE CONGRESS, 435 NJ Ave. SE, 547-1151

EMERGENCY COMMITTEE ON THE TRANSPORTATION CRISIS, P.O. Box 4529, DC 20017. Meets every Thursday at 8 p.m. at the Brookland Methodist Church, 14th & Lawrence NE.

LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS, 1346 Conn. Ave. NW, 232-2616

NATIONAL WELFARE RIGHTS ORGANIZATION, 1419 H NW, 347-7727.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION, 1840 Biltmore NW #10, 232-5145.

COUNCIL ON ADOPTABLE CHILDREN, 439-2071

UNITED FARM WORKERS AFL-CIO, 7332 Piney Branch Rd., Takoma Park, Md. 587-0510

Public hearings

This is a list of governmental bodies that regularly hold hearings before which DC citizens may testify.

CITY COUNCIL, 14th & E NW, 638-2223 or 628-3806. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at District Building, room 500.

BOARD OF ZONING ADJUSTMENT, 14th & E NW, 629-4426. Meets 3rd Wednesday, 9:30 a.m., in room 500 of the District Building.

SCHOOL BOARD, 415 12th NW. ST 3-6111. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday at the District Building and other locations, 7:30 p.m.

MODEL CITIES COMMISSION. Meets alternate Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. at the U.S. Employment Service offices, 6th & Penna. NW, 629-5095.

LIBRARY BOARD OF TRUSTEES, 499 Penna. Ave. NW, 783-4492. Meets 2nd Thursday of the month at 3 p.m., October through June.

NATIONAL CAPITAL PLANNING COMMISSION, 726 Jackson Place NW, 382-1161
RECREATION ADVISORY COUNCIL, 3149 16th NW, 628-6000.

Additions and corrections

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Please (add) (change) our listing in the Gazette Guide to Action Organizations:

Category.....

Name of organization.....

Address.....

Regular Meeting Date.....

Regular Meeting Place.....

Telephone

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